



Fleas and Onions Trouble the Bad Boy and His Dad—"Little Henner" Treats the King of Spain to April Fool Candy—Dad Tries to Stop a Bull-Fight

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Madrid, Spain.—My dear Uncle: You probably think that we are taking our lives in our hands by coming to Spain, so soon after the Cuban war, in which President Roosevelt charged up San Juan hill, in the face of over 30 blood-thirsty Spaniards, and captured the blockhouse on the summit of the hill, which was about as big as a switchman's shanty, and wouldn't hold two platoons of infantry, of 12 men to the platoon, without crowding, and which closed the war, after the navy had everlastingly paralyzed the Spanish vessels, and sunk them in wet water, and picked up the crews and run them through clothes wringers to dry them out; but we are as safe here as we would be on South Clark street, in Chicago.

Do you know, when I read of that charge of our troops up San Juan hill, headed by our peerless bear hunter, I thought it was like the battle of Gettysburg, where hundreds of thousands of men fought on each side, and I classed Roosevelt with Grant, Sheridan, Sher-



AND WENT OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR.

man, Meade and Thomas, and all that crowd, but one day I got talking with a veteran of the Spanish-American war, who promptly deserted after every pay day, and reneged after he had spent his money, and he didn't do a thing to my ideas of the importance of that battle. He told me it was only a little skirmish, like driving in a picket post, and that there were not Spaniards enough there to have a roll call, not so many Spanish soldiers as there were American newspaper correspondents on our side, that only a few were killed and wounded, and that a dozen soldiers in an army wagon could have driven up San Juan hill with firecrackers and scared the Spaniards out of the country, and that a part of a negro regiment did pretty near all the shooting, while our officers did the yelling, and had their pictures taken, caught in the act.

Gee, but dad got his foot in it by talking about the blowing up of the Maine, and looking saucy, as though he was going to get even with the Spaniards, but he found that every Spaniard was as sorry for that accident as we were, and they would take off their hats when the Maine was mentioned, and look pained and heartsick. I tell you the Spaniards are about as good people as you will find anywhere, and dad has concluded to fall back on Christopher Columbus for a steady diet of talk, 'cause if it had not been for Chris, we wouldn't have been discovered to this day, which might have been a darn good thing for us. But the people here do not recall the fact that there ever was a man named Christopher Columbus, and they don't know what he ever discovered, or where the country is that he sailed away to find, unless they are educated, and familiar with ancient history, and only once in awhile will you find anybody that is educated.

The children of America know more about the history of Spain, than the Spanish children. This country reminds you of a play on the stage. The grandees, in their picturesque costumes, though few in number compared to the population, are the whole thing, and the people you see on the stage with the grandees, in peasant costume, peddling oranges and figs, you find here in the life of Spain, looking up to the grandees as though they were gods. Every peasant carries a knife in some place, concealed about him, and no two carry their toad stabbers in the same place. If you see a man reach his finger under his collar to scratch his neck, the chances are his fingers touch the handle of his dagger, and if he scratches up his pants, his dagger is there, and if he pulls up his trouser leg, you can bet your life his knife is right handy, and if you have any trouble, you

don't know where the knife is coming from, as you do about an American revolver, when one of our citizens reaches for his pistol pocket.

Spaniards are nervous people, on the move all the time, and it is on account of fleas. Every man, woman and child contains more than a million fleas, and as they can't scratch all the time, they keep on the move, hoping the fleas will jump off on somebody else. When we came here we were flealess, but every person we have come near to seems to have contributed some fleas to us, until now we are loaded down with them, and we find in our room at the hotel a box of insect powder, which is charged in with the candles.

The king, who is a boy about three years older than I am, is full of fleas, too, and he jumps around from one place to another, like he was shaking himself to get rid of them. He gets up in the morning and goes out horse-back riding, and jumps fences, and rides up and down the marble steps of the public buildings, as though he wanted to make the fleas feel in danger, so they would leave him. Seems to me, if every man kept as many dogs as they do in Constantinople, the fleas would take to the dogs, but they say here that fleas will leave a dog and get on a human being, because they like the smell of garlic, as every Spaniard eats garlic a dozen times a day. They are trying to teach dogs to eat garlic, but no self-respecting dog will touch it.

We have had to fill up on garlic in order to be able to talk with the people, 'cause dad got seasick the first day here, everybody smelled so oniony. Dad wanted a druggist to put up onions in capsules, like they do quinine, so he could take onions and not taste them, but he couldn't make the man understand. There ought to be a law against any person eating onions, unless he is under a death sentence. But you can stand a man with the onion habit, after you get used to it. It is a woman, a beautiful woman, one you would like to have take you on her lap and pet you, that ought to know better than to eat onions. Gee, but when you see a woman that is so beautiful it makes her ache to carry her beauty around, and you get near to her and expect to breathe the odor of roses and violets, it makes you tired when she opens her mouth to say soft words of love, and there comes to your nostrils the odor of onions. Do you know, nothing would make me commit suicide so quick as to have a wife who habitually loaded herself with onions?

Dad was buying some candy for me at a confectionery shop, of a beautiful Spanish woman, and when he asked how much it was, she bent over towards him in the most bewitching manner, and breathed in his face, and said: "Quatro-realis, seignor," which meant "four bits, mister," and he handed her a five-dollar gold piece and went out doors for a breath of fresh air, and let her keep the change. He said she was welcome to the \$4.50, if she would not breathe towards him again.

Well, we have taken in the town, looked at the cathedrals, attended the sessions of the Cortez, and the gambling houses, saw the people sell the staple products of the country, which are prunes, tomatoes and wine. The people do not care what happens as long as they have a quart of wine. In some countries the question of existence is bread, but in Spain it is wine. No one is so poor they cannot have poor wine, and with wine nothing else is necessary; but a piece of cheese and bread helps the wine some, though



THE KING CHEWED HIS PIECE FIRST.

either could be dispensed with. In some countries "wine, women and song" are all that is necessary to live. Here it is wine, cheese and an onion.

We went to see the king, because he is such a young boy, and dad thought it would encourage the ruler to see an American statesman, and to mingle with an American boy, who could give him cards and spades, and little casino, and beat him at any game. I made dad put on a lot of badges we had collected in our town when there were conventions held there, and when they were all pinned on dad's breast he looked like an admiral. There was a badge of Modern Woodmen, one of the Hardware Dealers' association, one of the Wholesale Druggists, one of the Amalgamated Association of Railway Trainmen, one of the Farmers' Alliance, one of the Butter and Cheesemen's convention, one of the State Undertakers' Guild, and half a dozen others in brass, bronze and tin, on various colored ribbons.

Say, do you know, when they ushered

us into the throne room at the palace, and the little king, who looked like a student in the high school, with dyspepsia from over study and cake between meals, saw dad, he thought he was the most distinguished American he had ever seen, and he invited dad up beside him on the throne, and dad sat in the chair that the queen will sit in when the boy king gets married, and I sat down on a front seat and watched dad. Dad had read in the papers that the boy king wanted to marry an American girl, who was the possessor of a lot of money, so dad began to tell the king of girls in America that were more beautiful than any in the world, and had hundreds of millions of cold dollars, and an appetite for raw kings, and that he could arrange a match for the king that would make him richer than any king on any throne.

The boy king was becoming interested, and I guess dad would have had him married off all right, if the king had not seen me take out a bag of candy and begin to eat, when he said to me: "Come up here, Bub, and give



me some of that." Gosh, but I trembled like a leaf, but I went right up the steps of the throne and handed him the bag, and said: "Help yourself, Bub."

Well, sir, the queerest thing happened. I had bought two pieces of candy filled with cayenne pepper, for April fool, and the king handed the bag to the master of ceremonies, a big Spaniard, all covered over with gold lace, and if you will believe me, the king got one piece of the cayenne pepper candy, and the spangled prime minister got the other, and the king chewed his piece first, and he opened his mouth like a dog that has picked up a hot boiled egg, and he blew out his breath to cool his tongue and said: "Whoosh," and strangled and sputtered, and then the prime minister he got his, and he yelled murder in Spanish, and the king called for water, and put his hands on his stomach and had a cramp, and the other man he tied himself up in a double bow knot, and called for a priest, and the king said he would have to go to the chapel, and the fellows who were guarding the king took him away, breathing hard, and red in the face, and dad said to me: "You have poisoned the whole bunch of crowned heads, and we had better get out," and so we went out of the palace while the king's retainers were filling him with ice water. Well, they got the cayenne pepper out of him, because we saw him at the bull-fight the afternoon, but for awhile he had the hottest box there ever was outside of a freight train, and if he lives to be as old as Mr. Methuselah, he will always remember his interview with little Henner.

The bull-fight ain't much. Bulls come in the ring mad as wet hens, 'cause they stick daggers in them, and they belch around, and the Spaniards dodge and shake red rags at them, and after a bull has ripped a mess of bowels out of a few horses, then a man with a sabre stabs the bull between the shoulders, and he drops dead, and the crowd cheers the assassin of the bull, and they bring in another bull.

Well, sir, dad came mighty near his finish at the bull-fight. When the second bull came in, and ripped the stomach out of a blind horse, and the bull was just charging a man who was to stab it, dad couldn't stand it any longer, and he climbed right over into the ring, and he said: "Look here, you heathen, I protest, in the name of the American Humane Society, against this cruelty to animals, and unless this business stops right here, I will have this place pulled, and—"

Well, sir, you would of thought that bull would have had sense enough to see that dad was his friend, but he probably couldn't understand what dad was driving at, for he made a rush for dad, and dad started to run for the fence, and the bull caught dad just like dad was sitting in a rocking chair, and tossed him over the fence, and dad's pants stayed on the bull's horns, and dad landed in amongst a lot of male and female grandees, and everybody yelled: "Bravo, Americano," and the police wrapped a blanket around dad's legs and were going to take him to the emergency hospital, but I claimed dad, and took him to the hotel. Yours,

HENNER.

The woman who is afraid her husband will marry a second time always lives to a ripe old age.—N. Y. Times.

ON CLEANING SILVER.

Should Be Done as Seldom as Possible—Woolens Cause Tarnish When Used for Wrapping.

The methods of cleaning silver are as many as the roses of June. Silver should be cleaned as seldom as possible, the frequency depending upon the daily care. The gradual wear of daily use and mere washing and wiping are considerable, and, when the rubbing with cleaning powders is added to that, we wonder there is any heirloom silver left.

If the silver is carefully washed and wiped according to the directions and then occasionally polished with a chamois, the cleanings need not be frequent. If silver tarnishes quickly, the housewife should look carefully to her traps and furnace, because this rapid discoloration is a pretty good indication of the presence of noxious gases.

One of the best ways of cleaning large pieces of silver that are covered with a great amount of ornamentation is to place them in a kettle of warm soda water and bring them gradually to the boiling point. Line the kettle with pieces of cloth and lay pieces of cloth between the silver. Rinse in clear, hot water and wipe with soft towels. Polish with chamois. There should be great caution against using too great pressure when rubbing the silver, for, especially if it is old, it may be bent easily and misshapen.

A most satisfactory way of cleaning silver is to rub the article all over with alcohol and polish with dry silver polish applied with a piece of soft cloth, old damask, or a silver brush when the pieces are ornamented. Polish with old, clean damask and finally with the chamois.

Pieces of silver that are seldom used should be wrapped in cotton flannel cases, never in flannels or other woolens, because they cause it to tarnish. The same may be said of steel knife blades. Woolens cause them to rust, probably by absorbing moisture.—Washington Star.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Plunge your bread-knife into hot water before attempting to cut warm bread or cake.

No one should ever attempt to wash dishes without two pans—one for the washing proper and one for rinsing.

Sprinkle salt over the coal in your bin in liberal quantities; it will make it burn more evenly and prevent "clinkers."

If you cannot procure dampened sawdust for use in sweeping, use bits of dampened paper sprinkled over the floor. Tea leaves stain and salt makes the carpet sticky.

A severe paroxysm of coughing may be often arrested by a tablespoonful of glycerine in a wineglass of hot milk.

Besides the bother in winding worsted for fancy work off in the balls, it is not good for the worsted itself. It stretches it, and removes something of the light surface, making it stringy. It is better to unwind a skein into a very loose round, like a bottomless nest in shape, and holding this on the lap, use from it in working.

The same precautions that are used in washing fine woolens need to be taken with silk. Prepare a suds of white soap and fairly hot water and add to each gallon of water two tablespoonfuls of ammonia. If the ammonia is strong, use only one tablespoonful. Let the garments soak in the suds for some time, half an hour, or longer. Wash by rubbing with the hands and gently squeezing. Never rub on a board, and never rub soap on the silk, unless some spots are unusually obstinate. Rinse thoroughly; this means through two or three waters, the same temperature as the washing water. Iron when nearly dry. If the garments are very delicate press under a thin muslin.

For nervousness, try celery tea, which may be made by steeping the tops, roots, or even the seed, or by draining the water from cooked celery.—Boston Budget and Beacon.

Button-Sewing Trick.

If you've never tried sewing buttons on over a pin—try it! You'll never sew them on any other way, especially for shirtwaists and underclothes and children's clothes. Lay the pin across the top of the button and take your stitches over it, pushing it around when you come to taking the cross stitches. When the pin is pulled out, your button will pass through the buttonhole without puckering the material directly under it—the extra length of the stitches gives it room. And if you want to make it very strong, wind your cotton several times around the threads between button and cloth.

Titles Huckstered.

Advertisements in the London Times: "Titles of Nobility—Foreign Decorations and Orders procured for Gentlemen of means without publicity; replies by letter only requested from serious persons. Apply, etc."

To Extract Grease from Silk.

Scrape some French chalk thickly over the spot, then place over a warm flat-iron or a hot-water plate; the grease will melt with the heat and be absorbed by the chalk.

FEVER'S AFTER-EFFECTS

Did Not Disappear Until the Blood Was Renewed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Typhoid fever is sometimes called nervous fever. During the course of the fever the nerves are always profoundly disturbed, and when it is over they are left so sensitive that the patient has to be guarded against all excitement. In the tonic treatment then demanded, regard must be paid not only to building up flesh but also to strengthening the nerves. A remedy that will do both, make sound flesh to repair waste and give new vigor to feeble nerves, is the most convenient and economical. Such a remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

One proof of this is the experience of Mr. Charles Worth, of East Vassalboro, Maine. He says: "I had a severe attack of typhoid fever late in the fall which left me very weak and debilitated. My heart palpitated, my breathing became difficult after the least exertion and there was numbness in both hands. I suffered in that way for fully six months. As I did not grow out of it, did not in fact see the slightest improvement as time passed, I decided to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as I knew of some cures they had effected in cases like mine."

"Almost as soon as I began taking them I could see decided improvement and after keeping on with them for several weeks I was completely well. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a most valuable remedy, and I am in the habit of recommending them to others afflicted as I was."

When the nerves ache and tremble it means that they are starving. The only way to feed them is through the blood, and the best food is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opiates or other harmful drugs. They are sold by all druggists, or may be obtained directly from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

MEDICAL MENTION.

Bright red spectacles, accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific agent against seasickness.

According to Prof. Behring, "the milk fed to infants is the chief cause of consumption." He would insist on the pasteurization of all milk.

Remarkably favorable results are said to have followed the hypodermic injection of sea water in 24 tuberculosis patients by Dr. Fournel at a Paris hospital.

Perhaps it is not wise to prophesy a time when enzymic diseases shall lose all their terror by reason of the discovery of effective antidotes to the poisons to which their ravages are generally due. It is reasonable, however, to look forward to the time when the terror of these diseases, namely, diphtheria, typhoid fever, typhus and kindred scourges, shall be reduced to a minimum.

An English physician declares that it is better to keep scarlet fever patients at home, where the germs die out gradually in the fresh air, than to send them to a hospital, where they are in the midst of dozens of other cases in all stages of the disease. On their return to school, the germs are called into activity by the foul air in the room, and the disease is spread to others by coughing, etc.

Dr. G. C. Franklin, the new president of the British Medical association, in an address to the association at Leicester, pointed out the dangers of overspecialization in medicine. The development of the specialist, he said, was inevitable, and he feared might tend to produce a narrower type of medical man, but on the whole the development had so far been beneficial both for the public and the profession.

STRONGER THAN MEAT.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State, writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says:

"For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare."

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life."

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food."

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully."

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.